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DEWEY, DO WE DO 'EM?

Do we take Manila?
Dewey?
Well, we should smile,
We don't do a thing to 'em!
Dewey?
Just give 'em a taste of - well!
Don't we?
Dewey?
A hot touch!
The grand rush!
A warm time!
Do we hand it out to the haughty Dons?
Dewey?
There's nothing to it!
We give them their due!
We do!
Part of it!
That's what we do.
Dewey?
Do we run away?
Do we keep cool and wait?
Well, what do you think now?
Dewey?
Not on your life!
Dewey?
Remember the Maine?
What, the sunken Maine?
Dewey?
Well, we don't forget!
Dewey?
Do we miss a shot?
Do we settle the score?
Oh, Dewey?
Not much!
Do we square accounts for treachery's deed?
Dewey?
We do, indeed!
At least in part.
But there's more to do.
Much more.
Do we stop at this?
Do we close the deal?
Dewey?
Is the incident closed?
Isn't it just begun?
That good work
Dewey?
Do we rest the case?
What, at this point?
Well, we wonder!
Dewey?

HAVANA BAY.

I want to go a visitin'
Out upon the briny deep,
For I've got some pressin' business
That ain't goin' to keep.
Ship me to Havana bay,
Where torpedoes careless play.
An' accidents are happenin' in a most peculiar
way.
To that same Havana bay,
Where the Maine at anchor lay,
An' her sailors sleepin' peaceful were all blown
to judgment day.
I'm no great hand at sailin'
I'm a lubber on the sea;
The farm an' Jennie need me,
But there's voices callin' me
Callin' callin' night an' day,
Callin' so I can not stay.
Callin' so I'm mighty certain I've got business
down that way.
In that same Havana bay,
Where the Maine at anchor lay,
An' her sailors sleepin' peaceful were all blown
to judgment day.
There are graves I want to visit
There's a wreck I want to see;
I've a message for the Spaniard
That those voices gave to me.
So just ship me right away.
Ship me to Havana bay,
Where our sailors on our warship hadn't even
time to pray.
To that same Havana bay,
Where the Maine at anchor lay,
An' her sailors sleepin' peaceful were all blown
to judgment day.
J. D. S., in Chilea to Inter-Ocean.

THE SUN.

A little dreaming by the way,
A little toiling day by day,
A little path, a little strife,
A little joy, and that is life,
A short-lived, fleeting summer's morn,
When happiness seems newly born,
When one day's sky is blue above,
And one bird sings - and that is love,
A little wearying of the years,
The tribule of a few hot tears,
Two folded hands, the fainting breath,
And peace at last - and that is death,
Just dreaming, loving, dying, so
The actors in the drama go,
A flitting picture on a wall,
Love, death, the themes; But is it all?
Paul Lawrence Dunbar.